

# THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal—Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 3.

{GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me.,  
{HENRY W. WYLLIE, Hartford, Conn.} Editors.

HARTFORD, CONN., JULY, 1862.

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NO. 7.

## The Gallaudet Guide, —AND— DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the first of every month by "THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES."

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

Terms.—\$1.00 a year, invariably in advance; to pupils in Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, Fifty cents. Subscriptions should be sent to DEWEIT TOUSLEY, Esq., Am. Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Hartford, Conn.

Editor.—GEORGE WING, Esq., Bangor, Me., to whom all communications intended for insertion in the journal should be sent.

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From the Indiana Sentinel

To the Deaf and Dumb.

BY REV. I. S. JOHNSON

A MUTE'S SOUTHERN VOICE  
Shall never reach thy ear,  
To make thy heart rejoice,  
Or calm a rising fear.

But, whilst thou earnest here below,  
Her gentle tones thou shalt not know.

What though the zephyrs sigh,  
As oft they float along,  
And, with the whistling rill,  
Utter in murmur song—  
And sweetly fall on mortal ear,  
Yet not to thine; thou canst not hear.

What though from every vale,  
And every tree-lad hill,  
And borne on every gale,  
The notes of music thrill,  
And to the sufferer bring relief,  
Yet not to thine; for thou art deaf.

In every leafy grove  
The songsters pour their lays  
Of gratitude and love,  
To their Creator's praise;

Others, delighted, hear each strain;  
But, ah! for thee they sing in vain,  
What though the man of God  
Proclaim his perfect law,  
And, from his sacred word,  
Doth richest treasure draw.

To cheer the soul, and calm each fear,  
Yet vain to thee; thou canst not hear.

What though from Calvary's cross  
Proceeds the dying cry  
Of God's Eternal Son—  
That's sounding far and high,  
In sweeter tones than angels hear;  
Yet vain to thee; for thou art deaf.

How lonely is thy fate!  
How gloomy is thy lot!  
Shut out from thine own race;  
With them conversing not;  
By friends surrounded, yet alone,  
In sorrow's vale thou'rt doomed to roam.

But, lo! a brighter day  
Has dawned upon thy path;  
And science's cheering ray  
Has reached thy mind at last;  
For thee the Asylum nobly stand,  
The pride and glory of our land.

There, on thy darkened mind  
Are poured the beams of light;  
There thou canst knowledge find,  
And leave the shades of night.  
There, rays of light divine  
Illuminate and cheer the mind.

There, faithful ones are found  
To guide thy anxious mind  
Through wisdom's pleasant ground,  
Her choicest joys to find;  
For thee they toil by day and night,  
To bless thy soul with science's light.

There, each revolving day,  
They point thy wandering feet  
Into the heavenly way  
Of everlasting peace  
To Calvary's cross direct thy soul;  
To him who makes the wounded whole.

In yonder world above,  
Where countless myriads meet,  
With strains of heavenly love,  
To praise at Jesus' feet,  
May you at last in safety come,  
And find in heaven a happy home.

There shall sing God's praise,  
All hear heaven's music swell;  
Shall join the holy lays,  
And shout that "all is well!"  
The dear shall hear; the dear shall sing,  
And make their eternal arches ring.

## Drake's Address to the American Flag.

The following is the magnificent piece so finely rendered in signs by Miss Freeman at the late Exhibition of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in Irving Hall, N. Y., May 8th.

When Freedom from her mount in height  
Unfurled her standard to the air  
She bore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its glorious dyes  
The milky banner of the skies  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light;

Then from her mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
Who rearest aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest's trumping loud,  
To see the lightning lances drive,

Wieldst the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven—  
Child of the sea! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,

To ward away the battle-stroke,  
And bid its blood-drops shine afar,  
Like rainbow on the cloud of war,  
The harbinger of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high,  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on.

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## Deaf Smith, —THE CELEBRATED TEXAN SPY.

About two years after the Texan revolution, a difficulty occurred between the new government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences—even the bloodshed and horrors of civil war. Briefly, the cause was this: The constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept with the reservation, however, of a power in the president to order their temporary removal, in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or the force of sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Camanches frequently committed ravages within sight of the capital itself, Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, dispatched an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the state records to the latter place, which he declared to be, *pro tempore* the seat of government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which the promulgation of this first raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding-houses, groceries, and fano-banks, were thunderstruck—maddened to frenzy: for the measure would be a death-blow to their prosperity in business; and, accordingly, they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing the execution of Houston's mandate. They called a mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question; and, after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives, by open and armed resistance.

To that end, they organized a company of four hundred men; one moiety of whom, relieving the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the state house until the peril passed by. The commander of this force was one Colonel Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war for independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonist nearly to pieces with the bowie-knife. Indeed, from the notoriety of his character, for revenge as well as courage, it was thought that President Houston would renounce his purpose touching the archives, so soon as he should learn who was the leader of the opposition.

Morton, on his part, whose vanity fully equalled his personal prowess, encouraged and justified the prevailing opinion, by his boastful threats. He swore that if the president did succeed in removing the records by the march of an overpowering force, he would then, himself, hunt him down like a wolf, and shoot him with as little ceremony, or stab him in his bed, or waylay him in his walks of recreation. He even wrote the hero of San Jacinto to that effect. The latter replied in a note of laconic brevity:—

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall certainly come and take them; and if Colonel Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear-cap."

On the reception of this answer, the guard was doubled around the state house. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the capital, the military paraded the streets from morning till night, and a select caucus held permanent session in the city hall. In short, everything betokened a coming tempest.

One day, while matters were in this precarious condition, the caucus at the city hall was surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger, whose mode of entering was as extraordinary as his looks and dress. He did not knock at the closed door—he did not seek admission there at all; but climbing, unseen, a small bushy-topped, live oak, which grew beside the wall, he leaped, without sound or warning, through a lofty window. He was clothed altogether in buckskin, carried a long and heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the but-

ton of his left suspender a large bowie-knife, and had in his leathern belt a couple of pistols half the length of his rifle. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his motions, with dark complexion, and luxuriant, jetty hair, with a severe, iron-like countenance, that seemed never to have known a smile, and eyes of intense, vivid black, wild and rolling, and piercing as the point of a dagger. His strange advent inspired a thrill of involuntary fear, and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side-arms.

"Who are you, that thus presumest to intrude among gentlemen, without invitation?" demanded Colonel Morton, ferociously essaying to cowl down the stranger with his eye.

The latter returned his stare with composure interest, and laid his long, bony finger on his lip, as a sign—but of what, the spectators could not imagine.

"Who are you? Speak! or I will cut an answer out of your heart!" shouted Morton, almost distracted with rage, by the cool, sneering gaze of the other, who now removed his finger from his lip, and laid it on the hilt of his monstrous knife.

The fiery colonel then drew his dagger, and was in the act of advancing upon the stranger, when several of his friends caught him and held him back, remonstrating: "Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake. Do you not perceive that he is crazy?"

At the moment, Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners, stepped forward, and addressed the intruder in a most respectful manner: "My good friend, I presume you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting, where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not appear to comprehend the words; but he could not fail to understand the mild and deprecatory manner. His rigid features relaxed, and moving to a table in the center of the hall, where there were materials and implements for writing, he seized a pen, and traced one line: "I am deaf." He then held it up before the spectators, as a sort of natural apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took the paper, and wrote a question: "Dear sir, will you be so obliging as to inform us what is your business with the present meeting?"

The other responded by delivering a letter, inscribed on the back, "To the citizens of Austin." They broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston, and showed the usual terse brevity of his style:—

"FELLOW CITIZENS:—Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision."

SAM. BOSTON.

After the reading, the deaf man waited a few seconds, as if for a reply, and then turned and was about to leave the hall, when Colonel Morton interposed, and sternly beckoned him back to the table. The stranger obeyed, and Morton wrote: "You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago; are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger penned his reply: "I am at your service!"

Morton wrote again: "Who will be your second?"

The stranger rejoined: "I am too generous to seek an advantage; and too brave to fear any on the part of others; therefore, I never need the aid of a second."

Morton penned: "Name your terms."

The stranger traced, without a moment's hesitation: "Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; and distance, a hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time!"

He then took three steps across the floor, and disappeared through the window as he had entered.

"What?" exclaimed Judge Webb, "is it possible Colonel Morton, that you intend to

fight that man? He is a mute, if not a positive maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will surely tarnish the luster of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton with a smile; "that mute is a hero whose fame stands in the records of a dozen battles, and at least half as many bloody duels. Besides, he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the president to retarget his row against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man, then. Who is he? Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," answered Morton, coolly.

"Why, no; that cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," remarked Judge Webb.

"There, again, your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of certain Texans, on whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the artifice twelve months since."

"If what you say be true, you are a madman yourself!" exclaimed Webb. "Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down ravens in their most rapid flight, and killed Camanches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards!"

"Say no more," answered Colonel Morton, in tones of deep determination; "the thing is already settled. I have already agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and if I succeed, my triumph will confer the greater glory!"

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas at that period.

Toward evening a vast crowd assembled at the place appointed to witness the hostile meeting; and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of the sort, that numerous and considerable sums were wagered on the result. At length the red orb of the summer sun touched the curved rim of the western horizon, covering it all with crimson and gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning glory; and then the two mortal antagonists, armed with long, ponderous rifles, took their stations, back to back, and at a preconcerted signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—walked slowly and steadily off, in opposite directions, counting their steps until each had measured fifty. They both completed the given number about the same instant, and then they wheeled, each to aim and fire when he chose. As the distance was great, both paused for some seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to the other, and mark the striking contrast betwixt them. The face of Colonel Morton was calm and smiling; but the smile it bore had a most murderous meaning. On the contrary, the countenance of Deaf Smith was stern and passionless, as ever. A side view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast-iron. The one, too, was dressed in the richest cloth; the other in smoke-tinted leather. But that made no difference in Texas then; for the heirs of heroic courage were all considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently two rifles exploded with simultaneous roars. Colonel Morton gave a prodigious bound upward, and dropped to the earth a corpse! Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle; and then, having finished his brief task, he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterward, General Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten other men, appeared in Austin, and, without further opposition, removed the state papers.

The history of the hero of the foregoing anecdote was one of the most extraordinary ever known in the West. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened some two years ago; but, although he had many warm personal friends, no one could ever ascertain either the land of his birth, or a single gleam of his previous biography.

When he was questioned on the subject, he laid his finger on his lip; and if pressed more urgently, his brow writhed, and his dark eye seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire! He could write with astonishing correctness and facility, considering his situation; and, although denied the exquisite pleasure, and priceless advantages of the sense of hearing, nature had given him ample compensation, by an eye, quick and far-seeing as an eagle's; and a smell, keen and incredible as that of a raven. He could discover objects moving miles away in the far-off prairie, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky and the rangers used to declare that he could catch the scent of a Mexican or Indian at as great a distance as a buzzard could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable services to Houston's army during the war of independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He could never be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or even to use a tent-cloth. Wrapped in his blanket, he loved to lie out in the open air, under the blue canopy of pure ether, and count the stars, or gaze with a yearning look at the melancholy moon. When not employed as a spy or guide, he subsisted by hunting, being often absent on solitary excursions for weeks and even months together, in the wilderness. He was a genuine son of nature, a grown up child of the woods and prairie, which he worshipped with a sort of Pagan adoration. Excluded by his infirmities from cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate things of the earth his friends, and entered, by the heart's own adoption, into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven! Wherever there was land or water, barren rocks or tangled brakes of wild, waving cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, base cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange soul! he hath departed on the long journey, away among those high, bright stars, which were his night-lamps; and bath etherealized or ceased to ponder the deep mystery of the magic word, "life." He is dead; therefore let his errors rest in oblivion, and his virtues be remembered with hope.

The greatest horse show ever known, if all promises are fulfilled, is to be held at Chicago on the 2nd of September next. Fifteen thousand dollars are offered in premiums.

From twenty counties in Illinois and Iowa alarming accounts have been received of the ravages of the wheat midge. From Kansas, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, on the other hand, the reports of the wheat crops are most flattering.—*Scientific American.*

A few years ago a German took out to Peru a few hives of bees—an insect before unknown there. The first year he obtained a plentiful supply of honey, but year by year it decreased until now the bees will hardly collect any. The climate is so equable that flowers can be had all the year round; and the sagacious bees having discovered this fact, have evidently lost the instinct of hoarding honey for a winter that never comes.

TIME DIFFERENCES IN THE UNITED STATES.—Boston time is, of course, considerably faster than that of all the leading cities of the United States. The figures given below indicate how much slower the time is in the cities named than it is in Boston. New York 12 minutes, Philadelphia 16, Baltimore 22, Washington 24, Richmond 26, Charleston 35, New Orleans 76, Buffalo 30, Cleveland 42, Detroit 43, Cincinnati 53, Indianapolis 57, Louisville 57, Chicago 65, Cairo 70, St. Louis 76, St. Paul 83, San Francisco 207 minutes. This difference of time is quite important in these days, when the telegraph is so generally used.



The Gallaudet Guide,  
—AND—  
DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.  
HARTFORD, CONN., JULY, 1862.

NOTICE.

The Fifth Convention of  
THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET  
ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES  
will be held at

Portland, Maine,

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday  
SEPTEMBER 10th, 11th, and 12th,  
1862.

A Hotel and Hall will be engaged for  
the accommodation of every thing possible  
will be done for the comfort and conven-  
ience of the attending. Persons going  
to the Convention will pay FULL FARES by  
either Railroad or Steamboat, and will be  
furnished, after their arrival, with FREE  
RETURN TICKETS.

An Oration is expected from  
SAMUEL ROWE, Esq.,  
of Boston, Mass., and addresses from sev-  
eral other well known gentlemen.

An Interpreter will be provided for  
the benefit of those hearing persons who  
may attend.

Further particulars will be furnished  
from time to time in the Guide, or they may  
be obtained by addressing a letter to  
the Committee of Arrangements,

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN,  
South Reading, Mass.

A Few Last Words.

With the present number of the Guide ter-  
minates our editorial connection with it, the  
state of our health necessitating our retire-  
ment. But though we are thus debarred from  
any longer exercising our former control over  
its columns, yet, should it be conducted on the  
right principles, it can nowhere find a truer  
friend than in us.

We leave it to those who have followed  
our brief course, to judge whether or no it  
has met the anticipations entertained by some.  
For ourselves, we can truthfully aver that we  
have ever and in everything been actuated by  
the sole and simple desire to discharge faith-  
fully and to the utmost of our ability the du-  
ties of the position we now vacate. We have  
never hesitated to say—we have suffered no  
sordid considerations of interest, no wish to  
stand well with any person or party, to keep  
us from saying—what we thought, when we  
deemed the occasion required it. Some have  
blamed us for this; and, in truth, we do not  
lay claim to infallibility; we acknowledge that  
the avowal of our individual opinions might in  
some cases as well have been less frank and  
unguarded; but no man can charge us with  
willful error or oversight; and we shall carry  
with us the consciousness of having done our  
duty to the best of our power.

Our thanks are due, and are most heartily  
accorded, to the friends who have given us  
liberal aid in our endeavors to make the Guide  
what it should be—a bond of union between  
the deaf and dumb of our whole country, and  
not the mouthpiece of whatever faction in a  
sectional Association of mutes, may for the  
time be dominant. *Philip C. H. T.,*  
*Charles P. Felt, J. R. E., and Corollus,* deserve  
particular mention for their valuable contribu-  
tions. *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*, who in this  
number commences a series of highly inter-  
esting extracts from the Journal of *Wm. Ely,*  
Esq., of this city—the Commissioner selected  
to locate and dispose of the lands given the  
Am. Asylum by Congress—we would assure  
of our grateful remembrance of the many fa-  
vors received at her hands. Nor should the  
gentleman who has with such laborious ac-  
curacy compiled the "Record of the Rebellion"  
which has been one of the most valuable of  
our "readables," be forgotten. No one who  
has not himself tried the attempt at sifting  
the telegraphic columns of half a dozen daily  
papers, and extracting reliable facts from the  
floating and contradictory rumors proverbially  
current therein, can have an idea of the amount  
of patient, persevering research the under-  
taking entails.

Our brethren of the "Hill and Valleys,"  
who have aided to build up our list of exchan-  
ges, and have noticed our little sheet in such  
complimentary terms, will please accept our  
acknowledgments therefor.

The mechanical execution of this Volume  
of the Guide, thus far, has, we are aware,  
been quite "all that could be desired;"  
and indeed, could hardly have been so, under  
the circumstances. The best possible, with  
such limited means, has doubtless been done.

During the short term of our editorship,  
we have made many admirable personal ac-  
quaintances; to these let us express the  
hope that the pleasant intercourse thus ad-  
vanced may not soon cease, but be kept up,  
and at some not distant day replaced by per-  
sonal converse. And to all who may feel  
disposed to contribute to the Guide, we

It is, we understand, the intention of the  
Executive Committee to dispose of the print-  
ing office they have set up in conjunction with  
the Asylum, and to move the paper back to  
Boston, placing it under the editorial manage-  
ment of one of our predecessors. To what  
ever conclusion they may arrive at, they will,  
we doubt not, be led by due consideration of  
the interests of all parties concerned. And  
in this connection, we would especially urge  
the many subscribers who have not yet paid  
for this year, to remit the money to Mr.  
Bomer—who will in future receive subscrip-  
tions—by the earliest opportunity. Do not  
let it be said that the Guide had to be sus-  
pended in the middle of the year, because  
those who took it would not pay their just  
debts. A paper conducted as the Guide  
should be, is a necessity. It fills a place, it  
supplies a need, no other publishing journal can.  
And should, since a hundred times change,  
upon those who suffer it to fall through!

Mr. Bomer's address is, Post Office,  
Boston, Mass.

For a copy of the Forty-Sixth Annual Re-  
port of the Am. Asylum for the Deaf and  
Dumb, we are indebted to the politeness of  
the Principal, Rev. W. W. Turner.

The whole number in attendance within  
the year has been 257—males 152, females  
105; the number now present is 221, which  
is within 1 of the greatest number in atten-  
dance at any one time. Only one of the  
pupils has been removed by death, though  
many of them have been attacked by the  
rumps and a mild form of the measles. The  
Report closes with a disquisition on the sub-  
ject "whether the deaf and dumb, previous  
to entering schools for their instruction have,  
either as innate, or as the result of a process  
of unassisted reasoning, any idea of the Cre-  
ator and religion?" The conclusion arrived  
at is, that "they have no ideas unless  
directly communicated to them by other per-  
sons;" and an abstract of the evidence on  
which it is based, is given.

Prof. LACROIX came for sale some 25  
copies of a fine engraving of the monument  
erected by the mutes of the U. S. to Rev. Dr.  
Gallaudet, the proceeds of which are to be  
sent to the artist, Mr. Albert Newsum, a  
graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, who  
has for two years past been almost totally  
blind, and is now in a hospital in Philadel-  
phia. The picture is about 2 by 3 feet in  
size, and we would advise our mute readers  
to purchase it, as they will thereby afford  
relief to one of the most gifted of our class,  
and at the same time get their money's worth  
in an interesting and well executed memento.

At the recent Commencement of Trinity  
College, Hartford, the degree of Doctor of  
Divinity was conferred upon the Rev. Thom-  
as Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's Church for  
Deafmutes, N. Y., who is a graduate of that  
Institution. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was obliged  
to return home the same evening; but hopes  
to hold a service in Hartford in a few months.  
His brother Edward Gallaudet, Esq., and  
Prof. Melville Ballard—both of the Washing-  
ton Institution—are also now in town.

Dr. COLTON of New York, being in town  
with his celebrated "Laughing Gas" a few days  
ago, kindly gave a free exhibition in the chapel  
of the Asylum immediately after school one  
afternoon. The nature and effects of the gas,  
and the manner of inhaling it, having been  
explained by Rev. Mr. Turner, it was admin-  
istered to a number of the pupils, both male  
and female, and to some other persons con-  
nected with the Institution.

The first few were but partially successful,  
a large quantity of the gas escaping at the  
corners of their mouths; but most of those  
who took it properly, showed themselves high-  
ly sensitive subjects. One youth, in particular,  
gave vent to sentiments of a decidedly Pat-  
riot nature, declaring in most vehement  
pantomime that our brave boys would assured-  
ly beat the reds, and evincing his readiness  
to pitch in too if need be, by lunging violently  
right and left at the gentlemen on the platform;  
after which exploit he executed a waltz dance  
in a most artistic manner, and then subsided.

The young ladies were rather averse to  
trying the experiment; but when one of them  
at length suffered herself to be let forward,  
the "Laughing Gas" proved its right to its name  
by the effects it produced upon the spectators  
as well as upon the immediate subject.

A day or two afterwards, at an exhibition in  
one of our public halls, the Gas was inhaled by  
a number of mutes, among others; and we  
are told that the performances of nearly all  
were excellent.

JOHN DONOVAN, regimental tailor of the 10th  
Mass. Vols., of whom mention was made in  
the Guide for May, was in town lately, on  
his way home, having obtained a short furlough.  
He had with him several copies  
(which he sold at a dollar apiece) of his sketch  
of "Camp Bunker Hill," near Washington,  
where his regiment was stationed before be-  
ing ordered, with the rest of McClellan's army,  
to the peninsula; it is a very creditable piece  
of work, and will doubtless obtain an exten-  
sive circulation, especially among mutes, as  
well for its own intrinsic merits, as in being  
the production of one of the best of our knowl-  
edge, the only deaf and dumb soldier in the

Is the Congregational Church at North  
Hadley, Mass., June 12th, by Rev. W.  
W. Turner, Oscar Kinsman Esq., of Prov-  
idence R. I., to Miss Maria Louisa Williams of  
Hartfield.

At Baltimore, June 19th, Rev. E. W. Syle  
of Washington, D. C., to Mrs. R. J. Washing-  
ton of Charlestown, Va.

Died.

At Roxbury, Mass., 25th, Mrs. William  
Lynde, deaf-mute, aged 24. Her funeral took  
place on the 27th.

For the Guide.  
Reminiscences No. 2.  
TOUR OF LCO-TION,  
FOR THE LANS OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM  
FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,  
PREPARED BY WILLIAM ELY, ESQ.,  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

When the application to Congress for a  
grant of lands to endow the "American Asy-  
lum for the deaf and dumb," established at  
Hartford, Conn., had proved successful, and a  
township comprising 23,000 acres had been  
conceded to a petition presented in 1819, by  
the late General N. Daniel Terry, and Judge  
Thomas S. Williams, it was deemed essential  
that some person of clear judgement, accurate  
knowledge, and decision of character should  
go South into the State of Alabama, and con-  
duct the important business of location and  
sales. Such a combination of qualities, united  
to a happy address, and extensive inter-  
course with the world, was found in the gen-  
tleman whose name stands at the head of  
this article, and who, feeling a benevolent in-  
terest in the Institution, was induced to ac-  
cept the onerous responsibility. The nature  
and extent of the difficulties it involved would  
scarcely be predicated at the present day, and  
ought not to be forgotten. Beside the fatigue  
and privation incidental to a long journey in  
a sparsely settled region, which from the  
want of public conveyances must be perfor-  
med almost entirely on horseback, there were  
peculiar annoyances connected with the trust.  
To have danger existed from that class of per-  
sons denominated "squatters," who felt  
little restraint from moral principle, and as  
little regard for human life, and in their pecuni-  
ary prospects were inflated with displayed  
guerrilla savagery. From unforeseen hin-  
drances his period of laborious effort was pro-  
tracted far beyond what had been anticipated  
comprehending one period of ten months, and  
another of nine. Irregularity of mails, which  
to some parts of that wild country had no  
access, kept him often for weeks without a  
line of intelligence from his pleasant home,  
where his affections continually hovered over  
young wife, and their lovely group of little  
ones. Yet he faithfully persisted to the en-  
tire accomplishment of his mission, and des-  
erves a high rank among the benefactors of our  
noble Asylum.

The privilege has been accorded me, of  
seeing portions of the Journal, and some of  
the letters of Mr. Ely to his family, which  
are as honorable to the sensibilities of his heart  
as to the firmness of purpose which bore him  
through his walk of philanthropy. Written under every disadvantage of situation,  
and instrumental, often on the coast, a  
pen, and making his knee the substitute for  
desk, their cigraphy is surprisingly distinct  
and symmetrical. Some extracts are sub-  
joined, which from the information they convey  
of the regions he explored, and the manner  
of their inhabitants, more than forty years  
since, as well as from the tenderness of do-  
mestic affection which they breathe, cannot  
fail to prove interesting to very read r.

L. O. JOHNSON.

Hartford, June 26th, 1862.  
Extracts from Mr. Ely's Journal.  
January 26th 1820.  
Left the City of Washington at 5 A.M., for  
Alexandria, and at 2 P.M. on the 27th left  
Alexandria, and passed through a poor mis-  
erable country in Fairfax county. Went by  
the farm of President Monroe, consisting of  
2,200 acres of pretty good land, but in very  
bad order—large tracts unimproved, with  
bushes and briars scattered all over the farm,  
as far as I could see—saw only one poor old  
barn and a number of miserable huts for slaves,  
etc. I am told the Pres-  
ident resides in a poor old framed house, with  
chimneys of rough stone, and the back part  
made of logs—the house would not probably  
sell for more than \$500.

January 28th.  
Left Winchester at 4 A.M., took break-  
fast at Middletown, 14 miles from Winches-  
ter. The country through which I travelled  
to-day was settled by a considerable number  
of Dutch and German people who generally  
cultivate their own land without slaves, and  
there is better cultivation, better houses and  
more and better barns. There are, however,  
many plantations of most valuable land  
which are cultivated by slaves; between  
Woodstock and Newmarket are some of the  
finest I ever saw, particularly on the bottoms  
of the Shenandoah.

Have seen to-day more good framed stone,  
and brick houses than yesterday, but there is  
an unusual want of taste and want of hand-  
some architecture, fences, gardens and pleas-

ure grounds. Barns, generally on the road,  
near the houses, uninclosed, cattle, hogs and  
poultry around the front-door, the group var-  
iegated by black and white children.

February 5th.  
Left Newbern, a small dirty place, and  
went 28 miles to Wythe to breakfast, with  
one set of horses. For 14 miles saw but two  
log and no other houses. No snow to be seen  
yesterday or to-day, except on the high  
mountains, and weather similar to that we  
have in Conn. the latter part of March and  
beginning of April. Between Wythe and  
Abingdon, 60 miles is but one Post-Office,  
and but one newspaper is sent to it, and not  
half the time a single letter. There is no  
church in Montgomery or Wythe, and I saw  
none in Abingdon—in a distance of 75 miles  
have seen but one, and that a log meeting  
house.

February 7th.  
Left Stafls at 4 A.M., and arrived at Ro-  
ersville at 5 o'clock the next morning, a dis-  
tance of 50 miles in 25 hours. Since entering  
the State of Tennessee, I have travelled much  
of the time in the night.

February 6th.  
At noon arrived at Knoxville. The driver  
had to lock or chain one of the stage wheels,  
to descend safely a steep hill as we entered  
the City of Knoxville. On the whole, I think  
this the best selected and handsomest place  
for a town that I have seen since I left Alex-  
andria. There are about 60 new brick build-  
ings, beside Court House, Banking house of  
the State Bank, and a large three story brick  
hotel. Population about 2,500.

February 14th.  
Left Knoxville. 15th, rode 18 miles before  
breakfast. The blue-birds have been singing  
since the 1st inst., and for some days the frogs  
have been very musical, and I have seen some  
small flocks of turtle-doves.

February 24th.  
Saw a peach tree in full bloom, also some  
flowering trees in the woods. People plough-  
ing, gardening, and some picking cotton.  
Daffodils have been in blossom for several  
days. Saturday, saw 17 deer in the woods,  
and rode within 50 yards of 3 in a herd stand-  
ing still and gazing at us.

HENRYVILLE, Feb. 26th, 1820.

MY DEAR WIFE:—I have now the pleasure  
of informing you of my safe arrival here this  
day, in good health, though considerably fati-  
gued from riding seven days successively on  
horseback on very bad roads. But I am heart-  
sick at not finding a letter from you at this  
place when I anxiously and confidently ex-  
pected to receive one. What has occasioned  
this delay? I feel confident you have writ-  
ten and know you will feel some regret when  
you learn my disappointment.

I had a pretty unpleasant journey from  
Knoxville to this place. I had to ride in the  
rain some days and found very bad accom-  
modations on part of the road, and last night  
I lodged in Alabama with three other gen-  
tlemen in a small log hut, where there was but  
one room for ourselves and all the members of  
the family. I leave you to guess how we  
were all stored and when I return I will give  
you a more particular and ludicrous account.

Having been extremely disgusted with the  
noise, filth, dissipation, and want of every ac-  
commodation at even the best Hotel in this  
place, I have accepted Mr. B—'s very kind  
invitation to take a bed with him in his office,  
and a place at the table of a private family  
where he boards.

Wednesday, 22d.—The mail has this day  
arrived, and I have again been disappointed:  
it is now 43 days since I have had a letter from  
you, and you do not know how I hunger and  
thirst to hear from you and our dear little chil-  
dren. I am verily a stranger in a strange  
land, and need something to cheer my solitary  
heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Signing One's Name.

BY A GREEN HAND.

The Reverend Krause Flopper invited me  
to visit the Benevolent Institution under his  
charge. As the Rev. Krause was a particular  
friend of mine, and I had never yet beheld the  
scene of his labors, I went. Moreover I have  
always taken a great interest in Institutions  
Religious, Charitable, Civil, and Military.  
Each separate Institution has been my special  
study. Some I like; some I positively dis-  
like; but I am indifferent to none. Though  
a bachelor, I am an admirer of the Institution  
of Marriage; though a Southerner, a hater of  
the Institution of Slavery.

The Institution of which my friend had the  
chief and most responsible oversight was a  
Charitable one. It was also one of Learning.  
Also one of Wealth and Respectability. It  
was beautifully situated in a charming valley,  
in the midst of the loveliest known in that  
part of the country. The Rev. Krause Flop-  
per informed me that the inmates of the In-  
stitution were deaf. Also that they were  
dumb. I anxiously inquired if they were not  
likewise blind. My benevolent friend shook  
his head depreciatingly. He did not see it.  
I discovered any attempt at pleasantry, and  
pleaded my entire ignorance of the subject of  
Institutions of this kind. He accepted my  
explanation, but would own, and a shade of  
regret passed over his features, that two of  
the pupils were each deprived of the sight of

eye.  
As we approach the Institution, we crossed  
nine or ten railroad tracks. The Rev. Mr.  
Flopper dwelt on the advantages they present-  
ed from their convenient accessibility to the  
Institution. The pupils were obliged to use  
their eyes when they went back and forth;  
their chief faculty—that of sight—was sharp-  
ened and educated to the highest perfection;  
the training was calculated to be of much  
benefit to them. The Rev. Mr. Flopper in-  
formed me that it was one of the rules of the  
Institution that no pupil should walk along  
the track. Several, however, he regretted to  
say, had at various times disobeyed this judi-  
cious restriction.

"However," he ended, "they were pun-  
ished."  
"How?" I inquired, solicitous to learn  
the best system of enforcing obedience.

"Cribbed," he replied.  
"As a sufficient punishment should be," I re-  
plied, "but how, my dear sir?"

"Kibbick I into a cockle hat," said he.  
I gave a look of depreciation and inquiry.  
The suggestion arose in my mind that my  
good friend was rather summary and severe  
in his treatment of refractory cases.

"They were ground to powder," he explain-  
ed with some heat and emphasis.

"Under your heels?" I mildly asked.

"No sir; under the wheels of the loco-  
motive."

I was silent, and labored for the next ten  
minutes to discover if the advantages and  
conveniences he had alluded to, were not too  
highly estimated.

Approaching the gate of the avenue leading  
up to the Institution, we caught sight of two  
small boys apparently awaiting our coming.  
On seeing us, one of them gave a start, and  
pointing with his left hand at the Reverend  
friend by my side, struck his clenched right  
with fearful force and violence repeatedly on  
his forehead. I stood aghast. Could the  
little fellow be crazy? I turned towards my  
companion with an exclamation of dismay.  
A pleased expression was lighting up his bene-  
volent countenance, and he was making a ges-  
ture of welcome towards the boy. With dis-  
concerted agitation, I asked whether the child's  
brain was not affected. He innocently de-  
manded the reason of my inquiry. I described  
the strange actions—so unnatural and unac-  
countable in one so young.

"Why," exclaimed the Rev. Krause, "that  
is My Sign!"

"What can you mean, sir?" I replied.  
"Your Sign? I have heard of the signs of  
the Zodiac, the signs of the times, the signs of  
returning reason in Secessia, the manual sign-  
of deafmutes, odd-fellow's signs, and paint-  
er's signs; but Your Sign—the Sign of the  
Rev. Krause Flopper—never! Explain the  
mystery."

And the good man did explain. He was  
enthusiastic. He enlarged on the subject.  
He loved it, he said. He prided himself on  
it. His forte lay in it. He had devoted his  
best years and facilities to studying and de-  
veloping its beauties. Numberless eyes pre-  
ceded at us from every window of the big six-  
story building. A perfect buzz of hand-motion  
was going on around us. But the speaker's  
finger reposed affectionately in my buttonhole.  
I stood spell-bound, listening to his interest-  
ing elucidations.

Every pupil, he said, on entering the In-  
stitution, receives a "personal sign"—distinct  
and different from that of any other pupil, past  
or present. Long before the new-comer is  
able to spell his own name or that of any one  
of his hundred schoolmates, he easily masters  
the personal sign of each, and recognizes and  
glories in his own. It is not alone the young  
and the uneducated who appreciate the "per-  
sonal sign." The more advanced pupils, the  
graduates, the teachers, all become so attach-  
ed to it, that it is the most unusual thing in  
our little world to see one's name spelled out  
in full by dactylography. The advantages of a  
"personal sign" over the name spelled at full  
length are:—

1. Its distinctive and decided character;
2. Its comprehensibility at any distance  
within the radius of the human vision;
3. The facility with which it can be used,  
and the consequent saving in time, (an im-  
portant consideration);
4. Its beauty and appropriateness.

The first three of these statements carry  
truth on the face of them, but the fourth  
might not seem equally conclusive to my  
mind. The Rev. Krause was aware that he  
was addressing his remarks to a perfect  
stranger to the mysteries of the deafmute  
sign-language. He would therefore dwell at  
considerable length on this last statement of  
the advantages presented in the use of the  
"personal sign," with the view of enlighten-  
ing his young but observant and acquisitive  
friend. I waived all compliments and placed  
myself in an attitude expressive of absorbed  
attention, and he proceeded:—

In this world of error and inconsistency  
nothing is more noticeable than the absurdity,  
and incongruity of names as applied to persons.  
—Hence the expression "What's in a name?"  
A parent dubs a child "Hannibal," "Leon-  
idas," or "Nelson," and he turns out one, to  
whom the deafmute of two and the collegian  
of twenty years' schooling will agree in ap-  
plying the phrase, "a very coward." "Brutus"  
is no other than Brutus was, but a mere stat-

terer. "Solomon," "Isaac Newton," or  
Daniel Webster, is a very stupid concern  
compared with his predecessor. "Apollo"  
is as homely as sin (excuse the vulgarity of the  
companion). "Joseph" is often nowa-  
days a very wild young man, and "Samson"  
is not at all a strong one in any respect. Mr.  
"Slow" is a very fast man, but Falstaff voted  
Dame "Quickly" decidedly slow. Mr. White  
is our colored neighbor—a pure blood from  
Africa's coral strands; and Mr. Black is my  
father-in-law—you have heard what a beau-  
tiful blonde my wife is, and what hosts of  
competitors hat I for her friends. And so it  
goes; every name is a lie—it either flatters  
or slanders its owner.

The Rev. Krause Flopper clapped his hand  
on the breastworks that defended his cap-  
acious heart, and drew forth an unremitting  
pistol—his watch. Looking at it solemnly,  
and intently for a few moments, with a sigh he  
replaced it in his bosom, with a benevolent  
smile, placing it at the circle of bright  
eyes that beamed up in, slowly but unmis-  
takeably his features became fixed in an ex-  
pression of gloom. A movement of his  
hand attracted my eye. My friend was now  
performing the manual operation known to  
very young children and very fond parents as  
"Patty Cakes." My eye sought the crowd,  
"Was gone!" The last individual was just  
disappearing under the massive portals of the  
Benevolent Institution. Not a head remained  
in the windows—all had vanished. Marvel-  
ous change! where the minute before all was  
motion and animation, had come the deepest  
silence, the most perfect quiet, disturbed only  
by the rustling of the leaves and the enthu-  
siastic accents of my companion's voice. I  
solicited the reason of the transformation. He  
murmured that he had returned the pupils  
that it was school-time. So I resumed  
the thread of his discourse:—

On coming to the Institution, the pupil is  
taken to hand by the Principal, the whole  
corps of Instructors, and such of the more  
advanced pupils as are capable of forming a  
correct judgment in their premises. The most  
marked peculiarity in his general personal  
appearance is brought to light, discussed and  
decided by a majority vote. Henceforth the  
new inmate is distinguished by a sign, sug-  
gestive, more or less, of that peculiarity.  
There is no mistaking for whom the sign is in-  
tended. It is too broad, too clearly defined,  
too true to nature, to be blundered over. In  
short, it is beautifully appropriate!

For instance, a person has a scar across the  
back of his hand. His sign is denoted by  
drawing your thumb over the identical place  
on your own hand. Another person is lame  
and also has a wen on his temple; place your  
finger on your temple, and move the  
upper part of your body in imitation of the  
swaying gait of lameness—that is his sign.  
Nobody could fail to see to whom was re-  
ferred by it. Of the two pupils, each blind of  
one eye, in our Institution, one is known by  
the simple motion of placing the forefinger on  
the right eye; the other, by placing the  
elbow on the left. Movements as  
trivial as a sample! Miss A., who glories in  
a nose distinctly approximating the pig, is de-  
noted by pressing the tip of the nose slightly  
upward with the forefinger; Miss B., who  
has a mole under her left eyebrow, by  
placing the little finger on the duplicate lo-  
cation; Master C., who signifies, by pointing  
one's finger diagonally from the eye; Mr. D.,  
who has had a stroke of paralysis, by con-  
tracting one's arm and pressing it tightly and  
awkwardly to the side.

"Reverend sir," gently interrupted I, as  
though not unconvincing by his seductive  
reasoning and captivating illustrations, yet  
apparently perceiving in them something  
not entirely consistent with Christian civi-  
lity and tender regard for the feelings of the  
unfortunate. "Reverend sir, is not this sing-  
ling out of unhappy blemishes or defects, for  
the possession of which a man is in no wise  
to blame, calculated to convey pain and be a  
source of mortification to those thus marked?"  
As if his feelings remained not unconvincing  
by some assassin's covert dagger, that he im-  
agined he discovered in my question, so  
kindly phrased and softly put, with some in-  
dignation he thus made answer:—

That idea is nothing new to me. I have  
always met that attack on my beloved theory,  
and the rectitude of my intentions, and the  
goodness of my heart—(may, do not interrupt  
me, sir)—with the announcement that Truth  
is my inspiration, my guide, my object.  
Truth is divine. She is beautiful under all  
circumstances, at all times. Welcomed to  
Truth, I can take her by the hand and lead  
her forward proudly and defiantly into the  
most select circles of the world. No finger  
of scorn can make me shun her. No silly  
notions of envious, no sordid ones of expedi-  
ency can take me from her side. There is too  
much fluttering in this world, too much pre-  
varication and equivocation, in short too much  
lying. I believe the truth should be told. If  
it is not complimentary, still it is Truth, and,  
as such, lovely.

But it is not always disagreeable; on the  
contrary it is often exceedingly poetical, de-  
licious and fascinating, as exhibited in our  
system of "personal signs." Rosy bright-  
eyed little Mary is underated by a sign de-  
noting her cheeks. Laura, who has such regu-







# The Gallaudet Guide and Deaf Mutes' Companion.

## Supernatural Credulity.—A Fact.

A widow lady at Paris, aged about sixty-three, who lodged on a two-pair-of-stairs floor in the Rue de la Ferrière, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day before the altar dedicated to St. Paul, in a neighboring church. Some villagers, observing her extreme weakness, resolved, as she was known to be very rich, to share her wealth. One of them accordingly took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar, and when no person but the old lady was there, in the dusk of the evening, contrived to throw a letter right before her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one near, supposed it came by a miracle. In this she was more confirmed when she saw it signed "Paul, the Apostle," expressing the satisfaction he received by her prayers addressed to him, when so many newly canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of their wonted adoration; and to show his regard for the devotion, he promised to come from heaven with the angel Gabriel, and sup with her at eight in the evening. It seems scarcely credible that any one could be deceived by so gross a fraud; yet to what length of credulity will not superstition carry a weak mind. The inflated lady believed the whole; and rose from her knees in transport, to prepare an entertainment for her heavenly guests.

The supper being bespoke and the sideboard set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate, worth about \$2000, did not make so elegant an appearance as might be wished; and therefore sent to her brother, a counselor in the Parliament of Paris, to borrow all his plate. The maid, however, was charged not to disclose the occasion, but only to say that she had company to supper and would be obliged to him if he would lend his plate for the evening. The counselor surprised at the application, well knowing his sister's frugal life, began to suspect that she was enamored of some fortune hunter, who might marry her and thus deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death. He therefore positively refused to lend the plate unless the maid told him what guests were expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress' honor, declared that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband, but St. Paul having sent her a letter from heaven, promised that he and the angel Gabriel would sup with her, she wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.

The counselor immediately suspected that some villain had imposed on her; and sending the maid with the plate, proceeded directly to the commissary of that quarter. On the magistrate's going with him to a house adjoining, they saw, just before eight o'clock a tall man dressed in long vestments, with a white beard, and a young man in white, with large wings on his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach and go up to his sister's apartments.

The commissary ordered twelve of the police guard to post themselves on the stairs, while he knocked at the door and demanded admittance. The lady replied that she had company, and could not speak to any one. But the commissary answered that he must come in, for he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the angel Gabriel how they came out of heaven without his knowledge. The divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady, overjoyed at having so great an apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door, when the commissary, her brother, and the police guards rushed in, presenting their muskets, seized her guests, and conducted them to prison.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and a pistol were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the angel Gabriel. Three days after the trial came on: when they pleaded in their defense that one was a soldier in the French infantry, and the other a barber's apprentice—that they had no other design than to procure a good supper at the widow's expense—that it being carnival time they had borrowed these dresses, and the soldiers having picked up the two cords, put them in his pocket—that the razor was that with which he constantly shaved himself—that the pistol was to defend themselves from any insult to which their strange habits might expose them in going home—and that the apprentice, whose master was a tooth-drawer, merely had the gag which they sometimes use in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, proved of some avail; and at they had manifested no evil design by any overt act, they were both acquitted.

But the counselor, who foresaw what might happen through the defect of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner, therefore, were they discharged from the civil power, than the apparition of the Archbishop of Paris immediately seized them and conveyed them to the ecclesiastical prison. In three days more they were tried and convicted of a most scandalous profanation by assuming to themselves the names, characters and appearances of a holy apostle and a blessed angel with an intent to deceive a pious and well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion. They were, accordingly, condemned to be publicly whipped, burnt on the shoulder

with a red-hot-iron, and sent to the galley for fourteen years, a sentence which was in a few days faithfully put in execution.

## For the Guide. Bringing forth Fruit unto God.

And these are they which are sown on good ground: such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth, some thirty fold, some sixty, and some an hundred Mark IV: 20.

Mr. Emerson:—A few weeks ago, the Parable of the Sower was taught to the pupils of our Institution on the Sabbath for their weekly Scripture lesson. On Monday morning, when they were questioned on the lesson of the previous day, some of the members of one of the classes could not understand altogether how Christians were like seeds of grain producing thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold. They could understand very well how one grain of wheat could bring forth thirty or a hundred grains; but could not see how one Christian could bring forth thirty or a hundred Christians, or one kind act produce thirty or an hundred kind acts.

I desire to explain the question for the little readers of the Guide, as it was explained to this class, with the desire that the explanation may do good.

Mr. H. was a polite clever gentleman, but he was not a Christian. Once, while he was sitting in a hotel in a large city, a young man—a preacher—came in, having a large number of little books in his hands, called Tracts. He gave a tract to every person in the room and went out. Mr. H. looked at his tract, and saw that it was about REPENTANCE. He sat down and read it through. It was very good and sorrowful, after he had read the tract, for it made him feel that he was a wicked sinner. And he went away and prayed. But he was still greatly troubled in his mind. He could not be cheerful and quiet. He walked about the hotel restless and uneasy. So he went away and prayed again and again. And God heard his prayer at last and he became a Christian. He never saw the young preacher who gave him the tract any more.

Afterwards, when Mr. H. travelled, he always carried a number of tracts with him to give to strangers in hotels, and in places where there was no preaching. And by one kind act which the pious young man did to Mr. H. in giving him the tract, Mr. H. himself was led to do many hundreds of kind acts. The tracts are the seed; the young preacher is the sower; and the hearts of such men as Mr. H. is the good ground on which the seed of the word of God was sown.

Mr. John G. was a teacher in a Sabbath school. He had eight little boys in his class. Mr. G. not only explained the Scriptures to his little pupils, but he talked to them a great deal about the heathen children in distant lands, who have no bibles, no Sabbath schools and no one to preach the gospel to them. The little boys loved dearly to hear about the poor heathen. And as they grew up, they remembered what Mr. G. had taught them. When they were grown, six of them became preachers, and went as missionaries to tell the ignorant heathen about Christ. Two of them went to China, three went to India, and one went to Turkey. And they all preached, and distributed bibles and other good books among the people. They established schools and churches. And after many years they were able, each of them, to count several hundred poor heathen, who had believed in the Lord Jesus and become Christians, and had joined those Christians.

Now this is bringing forth fruit unto God abundantly. Mr. J. G. sowed the seed of gospel truth in the hearts of his little Sabbath pupils. The seed sprang up and brought forth fruit. Six of them became missionaries, and went to scatter the seed in foreign lands. They brought forth fruit, not thirty, sixty, or an hundred fold, but many hundred fold. Sometimes the seed, by the blessing of God upon it, brings forth fruit a thousand fold. It is by their fruit that Christians are known. They are known by the kind and quantity of fruit they bring forth, just as a tree is known by its fruits. You see many trees standing in an orchard. You cannot tell the good trees by the leaves, or by the bark, or by the size of the tree. It is only by the fruit. Sometimes a very fine looking tree produces no fruit; and sometimes a very poor looking tree bears very fine fruit, and in great abundance.

Young reader, by your fruit you shall be known. The seed—the word of God—has been sown in your heart. See that you bring forth much fruit unto God!

ABOUT PINS.—The manufacture of pins in this country was first undertaken soon after the war of 1812, when, in consequence of the interruption to commerce, the value of a paper of pins was not less than one dollar, and those were of a very inferior quality to those now worth only six cents a paper. By the old method of manufacture the number of distinct processes was fourteen. Now they are manufactured in Connecticut by a self-acting machine, which completes them by one process, and sticks them into the papers! The only attention the sticking machine requires is to

supply it with pins and paper. At the present time the total weight of pins made in the United States is supposed to be from seven to ten tons a week. What indeed becomes of all the pins! When we reflect that, up to the middle of the sixteenth century, English ladies were obliged to make use of clumsy wooden skewers, we can appreciate the abundance and cheapness of these useful little articles. Yet nothing is new under the sun and pins are found in the Egyptian tombs of much more costly and elaborate make than those now in use. Some of these are eight inches long and are furnished with large gold heads. The ladies' "pin money," in those days must have been quite an item in the domestic expenses.

## Decisive Battles of the World.

THE decisive battles of the world, those of which, to use Hallam's words, "a change of result would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes" are numbered as fifteen by Professor Cressay, who fills the chair of Ancient and Modern History, in the University of London. They are the grand subject of two volumes by him, lately issued from Bentley's press, and are:

1. The battle of Marathon, fought 490 B. C., in which the Greeks, under Themistocles, defeated the Persians, under Darius, thereby turning back the tide of Asiatic invasion, which else would have swept over Europe.

2. The battle of Syracuse, 416 B. C., in which the Athenian power was broken and the west of Europe saved from Greek domination.

3. The battle of Arbela, 331 B. C., in which Alexander, by the defeat of Darius, established his power in Asia, and by the introduction of European civilization, produced an effect which may yet be traced there.

4. The battle of Metarrus, fought 208 B. C., the Romans, under consul Nero, defeating the Carthaginians, under Hasdrubal, and by which the supremacy of the great republic was established.

5. The victory of Arminius, A. D. 8, over the Roman legions, under Varus, which secured Gaul from Roman domination.

6. The battle of Châlons, A. D. 451, in which Aetius defeated Attila, the Hun, the self-styled "Scourge of God," and saved Europe from entire devastation.

7. The battle of Tours, A. D. 732, in which Charles Martel, by the defeat of the Saracens, averted the Mohammedan yoke from Europe.

8. The battle of Hastings, A. D. 1066, in which William of Normandy was victorious over the Anglo-Saxon Harold, and the result of which was the formation of the Anglo-Norman nation, which is now dominant in the world.

9. The battle of Orleans, A. D. 1420, in which the English were defeated, and the independent existence of France secured.

10. The defeat of the Spanish Armada, A. D. 1588, which crushed the hopes of Papacy in England.

11. The battle of Blenheim, A. D. 1704, in which Marlboro, by the defeat of Talmir broke the power and crushed the ambitious schemes of Louis XIV.

12. The defeat of Charles XII, by Peter the Great, at Pultowa, A. D. 1709, which secured the stability of the Muscovite Empire.

13. The battle of Saratoga, A. D. 1777, in which Gen. Gates defeated Burgoyne, and which decided the contest in favor of the American revolutionists, by making France their ally, and other European powers friendly to them.

14. The battle of Valmy, A. D. 1792, in which the Continental allies, under the Duke of Brunswick, were defeated by the French under Dumouriez; without which the French Revolution would have been stayed.

15. The battle of Waterloo, A. D. 1815, in which the Duke of Wellington hopelessly defeated Napoleon, and saved Europe from his grasping ambition.

GREAT DISCOVERY.—At a recent meeting of the American Photographical Society of New York, an account was given of a machine patented by Mr. Charles Fontague of Cincinnati, by which miniature photographs are printed at the astonishing speed of two hundred a minute, or 12,000 an hour, from one negative. The means by which this is accomplished is simple: the adaptation of machinery to the process of printing by development. The negative is fixed in a box, together with a sheet of prepared paper, and the latter exposed by automatic machinery, to the condensed light of the sun passing through the negative. After each exposure, the paper is traversed underneath the negative to present a fresh surface for the succeeding impression. These motions, together with damping the negative into close contact with the paper, at the instant of exposure are all performed by the operator simply turning a crank. In taking 200 impressions per minute, the time of exposure is but .03 of a second for each impression. The condensing lens being seven inches in diameter, and the circle of condensed light about one and a half inches, the above exposure is equal to .65 of a second direct exposure to the light of the sun. If, therefore, the machine were to be used for a large class of pictures, such as book illustrations, a condensing lens might be dispensed with, and yet nearly 2500 impressions be taken in an

hour. The discovery is regarded as of great importance in the book trade.—Commercial Advertiser.

We are sorry to own that our mute friends in Boston are not wholly united on the subject of a religious organization, as appears from the following communication, taken from the Boston Traveller, with regard to the "Appeal" published on the fourth page of our last number.

The remarks of "A Deaf Mute" on the folly of dividing the mutes of that city into two distinct churches, each feeble, and with conflicting claims, are eminently just. In our opinion the true interests of all, and the advancement of our Master's cause, would be best promoted, by all rallying around St. Peter's church.

We regret extremely to hear of Rev. Mr. Benjamin's resignation, and earnestly hope it will not be long ere an appropriate successor for him is found.

## The Boston Deaf Mute Christian Association.

Editors of the Traveller:—Under the above heading, in your issue of Friday, was an appeal to the benevolent, headed by Gov. Andrew, in behalf of a religious organization of deaf mutes in this city. I wish to state the fact, Messrs. Editors, that neither the distinguished gentleman named above, nor Dr. Kirk and others who followed, know anything of the true state of feeling among the Deaf Mutes of this city on the subject of a religious organization. What Dr. Kirk and a few others know in the premises, has been derived from two or three zealous members and getters up of the above organization.

The true object of this association is to head off the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's movement for a church, he having been first in the field, but having been obliged to suspend permanent services till the fall, on account of the unexpected resignation of Rev. Mr. Benjamin, the Rector, and his inability at the present time to procure a suitable substitute.

It is moreover, the height of folly to attempt to build up two distinct religious organizations in this city, when there would be so few members in each, and to ask the public to support both. The public may rest assured that Mr. Gallaudet will arrange all for the best, as his object is the greatest good of the greatest number. A DEAF MUTE.

## A Wife in Trouble.

"PRAY tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, such a disgrace!"

"What is it, my dear? don't keep me in suspense!"

"Oh, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly it looks more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself, but the contents! Such a disgrace!"

"Who has dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"Oh no, it is couched in the most chaste and beautiful language. But the contents! the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while her husband eagerly caught up the letter, and commenced reading the epistle that had nearly broken his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for three years' subscription for the newspaper!

THE first railroad in the world was commenced at and ran from Darlington to Stockton, England, and the first locomotive engine ever run on a railroad now stands as an object of curiosity at the Darlington depot. It is different in its construction from those in present use, having two walking beams and upright cylinders. It is kept in fine order, and stands on a large elevated platform, built purposely for its accommodation. The date of the year, 1825, is engraved on the slab upon which it stands. Strangers come from a distance to see it, and photographers lend their aid to those not otherwise able to command the sight.

SEA BIRDS.—The question is often asked where do sea birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds, far from any land that could furnish them with water, hovering round and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall at one hundred miles, or even farther off, and seek for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea birds can live without water is only a matter of conjecture; but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they can do without for many days if not or several weeks.—Wilson.

## Farmer's Column.

### HAY MAKING.

JULY is with farmers, the busiest month of the year, as in this month the best part of the hay crop is to be secured.

Hay is one of the most important crops of the Northern States. In point of importance, it ranks with corn and wheat. On very many northern farms, it is the most valuable crop, on not a few farms as valuable as all other crops put together. Yet in making hay, very

many farmers are so negligent or so unskillful, that half the value of the hay is lost. To make good hay, besides the first requisite of having a good kind of grass, the following points must be carefully attended to:

1. The grass should be cut at the right time. This, for most kinds of grass, is when in full blossom. Some kinds, as timothy, are said to be more nutritious when the seeds are formed, but even that may become too tough, if left to stand much after blossoming. As some kinds of grass blossom earlier than others, those that blossom first should be cut first.

2. Try to select a dry time for hay making. Fortunately we seldom want a sun-shiny day in July. Yet I have known grass cut on Monday to be rained on the same afternoon, and kept wet by successive showers all the week, so that when raked on Saturday, or perhaps, as a work of necessity, on Sunday, it was little if any better than straw. By attending to the wind and the barometer, or other signs known to farmers, we may hope to escape such bad luck. It is often safer to mow in wet weather, than in hot sultry weather. In the former case, the weather is apt to clear up in time to cure your hay, but sultry weather is often the precursor of a thunder storm. There is, however, so little dependence to be placed on any signs of the weather, that the only safe plan is to mow no more any one morning than you can rake up the same day. Here the value of mowing machines and horse rakes is evident.

3. The grass cut in the morning, should be turned toward noon, and raked into cocks, the larger the better, by the middle of the afternoon. Let the cocks stand two or three days, till the hay has seasoned. If rain comes, and you have hay-cocks, cover your cocks, and laugh at the rain. If you have no hay-cocks, the cocks, if well put up, will shed the rain. Grass cut early in the afternoon, should be turned, if ever so little wilted, before the dew begins to fall.

4. Choose a clear sun-shiny day to get your hay in. Open your cocks and spread the hay in the sun about three or four hours. Then get them in the barn as quickly as possible. If any part of the hay looks green or damp, throw that to the outside of the mow.

By following these rules, you will be apt to have good hay, such as is worth fifteen dollars or more per ton in New York, while hay too much dried, is little better than straw, sometimes not so good, and hay put up before it is dry enough will never be better known, heat and spoil in the mow.

Whether it is or is not best to have your grass cut with a mowing machine, depends on many circumstances. The main advantage of a machine is that it will cut your grass late in the forenoon, after the dew is off, will finish a large lot in two or three hours, and lay it so that the spreading by hand is saved, and it can be raked early the same afternoon. Still, for a small farmer, who has no money to spare, it is better to mow his grass himself than to hire it done, whether by men or machines. But if he must hire it done, he probably had better hire a machine, if his meadows are smooth enough.

As to horse rakes, every farmer ought to have one. A mowing machine is too costly for small farmers, but a horse rake is within the means of all. By the help of one, hay can often be saved from a coming storm.

### PROTECT THE LITTLE BIRDS.

If you wish to have faithful and able allies in the doubtful war you will have to wage with insects, protect the little birds on your place. Permit neither your boys nor your neighbors to rob nests or to shoot the birds that come into your cherry trees. One nest of young birds will destroy in a season pecks of noxious insects.

### SOW TURNIPS.

The old saying says: On the twenty-fifth day of July, Sow your turnips, wet or dry. Let your turnip ground be well manured; and well pulverized by repeated plowings and harrowings. I have raised very good crops of the flat white turnip, sown on good loamy ground, between the rows of corn or potatoes, if the rows were not too close together. The turnips, however, will be larger roots, and a larger crop, sown in rows, and plowed between the rows.

### BUCKWHEAT.

This is, I believe, the only kind of grain, used for bread or cakes, which does not belong to the extensive family of the grasses. Wheat, rye, oats, rice, are all grasses. Even Indian corn is a gigantic kind of grass, but buckwheat belongs to the genus knot weed (called by the learned Polygonum, from its numerous joints,) containing some very common weeds. (The knot grass, and the biting weed called smart weed, or water pepper, are of this genus.)

The best time for sowing buckwheat would probably be the last of July, were it not for the danger of the frost coming in the Fall before it is ripe. Where there is reason to fear that, sow early in July. About half a bushel of seed is enough for an acre. There is perhaps no crop that shows as much as buckwheat the benefit from guano or superphosphate. About 200 lbs. of either on an acre will produce a fine crop of buckwheat on very poor land; but of course, the land will not be improved by such a way of cropping.

RED-BUGS. Those who suffer from those detestable pests are advised to try salt. My wife tried many remedies, some as disagreeable as the bugs themselves, but got very little relief, till we found in the Natural History of New York, (Insects, by Dr. Emmons, p. 170.) that "the cheapest, cleanest and best way to get rid of the bed-bug is to employ a saturated solution of salt in water." We tried this, putting wet salt in every chink, and drove off the bed-bugs completely, without any danger from poisons about the house, or bad smells which some of the remedies favor us with.

BATHING. Every man, woman, and child ought to bathe at least once a week in summer. Every farm, or at least every neighborhood ought to have a safe and private bathing place for girls. Why should not girls be taught to swim as well as boys? They are able to learn, it is even said women are more buoyant in water than men, yet not one girl in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand is taught to swim. The consequence is that in a boat or on a bridge, they often become wild with alarm, and cause accidents by getting in a fluster, which the consciousness of being safe in the water would have prevented. And when they do get in the water, they are not only helpless themselves, but in their wild confusion endanger the lives of those who come to their assistance. Therefore, teach your girls as well as your boys to swim.

Do not drink too freely of cold water when you are heated and in a perspiration. Never go into cold water to bathe when heated by exercise. Do not go bareheaded in the hot sun of July. It may bring on a sunstroke. A few green leaves put into your hat will help to keep your head cool.

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1862.

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upon the other literature and topics of the day, a few pages every week are reserved for present and future reference, the Spirit of the

War of our Great Rebellion.

We hope that before the end of 1862, we may be restored to communion with many friends and "fellow countrymen" (as Judge Patterson, in Charleston, has just called us) in the South—men who have been driven from the country by the war.

We long to testify to this venerable and tried gilded patriot, and to all who hold like faith, how dearly we prize the bonds which connect us with them, and how joyfully we shall receive them to our hearts when their tyranny shall be overpast.

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